

UNITY.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

About eight o'clock Tuesday morning a fire broke out at 81 and 83 Wabash avenue, just south of the office where UNITY is printed. An hour and a half later our office editor, proceeding calmly to the scene with an installment of revised proof sheets, was somewhat startled at the sight of flames curling round the sashes of the Review Printing Company's windows. Returning to UNITY office he summoned a council of war, and the senior editor repaired with him to the scene of action, strangely omitting for once to quote his favorite line:

"First on the field that is farthest from danger."

A group of compositors standing near the wreck greeted the office editor with derisive shouts, mingled with ironical assurances that UNITY was almost ready for the press. It should be said in justice to them that their seeming irreverence was due to their not being acquainted with the face of the senior editor.

At present writing it is impossible to tell how much of the material which was in type for this week's UNITY can be saved from the wreck. The present issue has been hastily put together since the fire, and is issued from the press of Messrs. Donohue and Henneberry. We trust that our readers will pardon us for the reduced size of this number, and for the many shortcomings incident to the haste and confusion.

The April 16th number of *Unity Church-Door Pulpit*, containing a sermon by Prof. Andrew P. Peabody on "True Wealth," was at the time of the fire in type and awaiting the author's corrections. It will now, of course, be several days late, but will be issued as soon as possible.

"*Unity Songs Resung*," the volume of poems which is being prepared for the press by the present writer, will also be somewhat delayed by the fire, but will probably be ready early next month.

To guard against a possible mistake on the part of our out-of-town readers, it may be well to say that the fire did not affect the office of this paper, the

Channing Club Room, or the Colegrove Book Company's store, all of which are at 135 Wabash avenue, two blocks south of the scene of desolation.

C. H. K.

"The Study of Religious Literature" is the special topic for discussion at the annual meeting of the Women's Conference at St. Louis, May 7, at 10 a.m.

Funk and Wagnalls, of New York, are to publish in May the "Oldest Church Manual," which will be the Teachings of the Apostles, with full explanatory and historical comment.

A London exchange tells us that the first English edition of George Eliot's life is being sought after by the collectors. It has been republished in the Tauchnitz series in Germany.

The Century, having reached a circulation of 250,000, is now going to tell the truth on its title page. The May number will be issued on the first day of May, and not early in April.

Two numbers of the new series of "*Unity Short Tracts*" were in type at the time of the fire—No. 3, "UNITY's Birthday," and No. 4, "A Book-shelf of the Liberal Faith." Where they are now we have not the remotest idea. Probably we can tell two weeks from now.

Thursday forenoon, during conference week, is Woman's Day, and Friday forenoon will be the meeting of the Sunday School Society. At this last meeting, in addition to the important reports to be offered. Mr. Utter will lead a discussion on the "Uniform Lesson Question."

Among the topics of interest and importance to be discussed at the approaching conference in St. Louis will be, "The Problems of Worship," "The Ministerial Supply," "Publication Needs of the West." Let the churches appoint their delegates early. Let the attendance be large.

The *Tribune*, of this city, in a review of Henry James' last book, makes the following criticisms of "Georgiana's Reasons": "It is the indecent history of an atrocious crime. Its exceeding cleverness cannot atone for the baseness of its subject." And yet the *Tribune* gave this story to its Sunday readers within the last year as one of a series of the best stories by the best authors.

Rev. Wm. Ellery Copeland, of Omaha, who is one of our oldest and most persistent missionaries in the West, having spent a dozen or more years in the mission field beyond the Missouri, is to preach the conference sermon at St. Louis, Tuesday evening, May 5th. Doubtless the key-note given by him will be a missionary one, and the music of the conference should be played on that key.

A correspondent writes :

"By the way, was it not rather 'cool' for *Life* to publish the list of the Ten Great Novels without any reference to its source. That was done in one of the numbers for March. However, perhaps you must be willing to let your light shine without always showing the candlestick!"

We are inclined to think that as *Life* is a humorous paper, their "cool" proceeding was meant for a joke, of which we partly fail to see the point.

W. T. Harris places on the title page of his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* the following motto from Novalis: "Philosophy can bake no bread, but she can procure for us God, Freedom and Immortality"—a statement we heartily accept, barring its negation. We are not sure but that Philosophy has a good deal to do with giving us the good bread without which "God, Freedom and Immortality" are shadowy names, which even Philosophy cannot make vital and inspiring realities.

"No great loss without some small gain!" We are gratified at being able in the present issue to please those of our readers who object to seeing baking powder advertisements on the first page of UNITY. We must warn them, however, that the change is not a permanent one, that the familiar illustrations will probably soon be in their places again, and that meanwhile the editorial mind is persuaded that there is no better baking powder in the market than "Dr. Price's," unless it be the "Royal."

The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* for July, 1884, has just reached us, and contains matter of much interest even to the uninitiated. "A Popular Statement of Idealism," by W. M. Salter, of this city, is as interesting and clear as one of Huxley's lay sermons. The number also contains an interesting exposition of Rosmini's system, this neo-scholastic philosopher of Italy, whom Prof. Davidson has done so much to introduce to the attention of the English student.

There is more than one side from which to look at any question, and it occurs to us that those who are deploring the absence of religious convictions in the late George Eliot have not seen all around. Is it not just as trenchant a rebuke on the current conceptions and beliefs, that one of the most earnest and prophetic thinkers could not share them? Who can dare to say whether she was simply willful and would not, or was more sinned against by the authorized vulgarity of conception and belief and could not? If the idea of God was inconceivable to her, and that of immortality unbelievable, it isn't the least unlikely that as she apprehended these matters,

they not only were to her, but would be to most of us, inconceivable and unbelievable. This is no self-regarding vanity that prompts her to the course; her life is one long, steady seeking after righteousness; her ideals are not less eternal than the current ones, her heroism not less sustained, her insight not less clear.

J. Fitzgerald, the New York publisher, has begun the re-publication, in semi-monthly parts, of *The Library of the Fathers of the Church*, published by the Oxford University men from 1848 to 1880, and now obtainable only in an expensive form. The serial can be obtained for five dollars a year, and the entire set will cost about sixteen dollars. The first issue, bearing date of May 1st, contains the first portion of "The Confessions of St. Augustine." The workmanship is very creditable. With the growth of rationalism and the progress of real liberality in religion these early fathers, veritable masters of faith, will become more appreciated.

Many of our readers will regret with us to learn that John Keble died in Cincinnati, April 4, at the age of sixty-six, of *angina pectoris*, after a short sickness. To the large public of Cincinnati in whose respect and esteem he had long held a conspicuous place, the unlooked for tidings of his death gave a great shock. For more than forty years he had steadily grown to be recognized as one of the first citizens of Cincinnati, in his repute for integrity, in his ability as a lawyer, in public spirit, as well as in his attractive social presence and large hospitality. From his first residence in Cincinnati he had been a devoted member of the First Congregational church, and through its many vicissitudes of prosperity and depression he was unfaltering in zeal for its welfare; always at church and warmly appreciative of the minister's work, for years its treasurer; constantly its generous supporter and its sagacious counsellor, in all plans for furthering its usefulness. Antioch College, of whose trustees he was for many years the president, owed a goodly share of its recently recovered strength to his devoted interest in its welfare, and his sagacious guidance in the administration of its weakened finances.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE PROBLEM.

A correspondent much interested in our Western work and intimately connected with it for many years, writes us concerning the proposed division of the Western Secretary's salary and work between the A. U. A. and the W. U. C., as follows:

"I think it would prove very disastrous to the life of our conference. It will make trouble in the end, involving official discussion and dictation concerning forms of organization, methods and tendencies, which are vital to any large result of our thought of religion in the West. I am not unfriendly all round, but the new and growing wants of this complex mingling of nationalities, this failure of tradition and precedents, cannot be understood by any save those on the ground. The older Unitarianism cannot and never did touch these elements. All it ever did was to gather the respectable together, give generously to all sorts of charities, and have a select good time, i.e.,

if they could pay their debts, but as for converting anybody, going forth to preach the gospel to all the world, it was quite beyond their thought or method. In fact, my own conversion to this idea of seeking to disseminate our thought as widely as possible and by all legitimate means, is comparatively recent,—so imbued was I with the notion that Unitarianism was good enough to go or stand on its own merits, and that pushing it was only one form of cheapening it—destroying its ancient caste. Of course, there is an improvement in these latter phases among Unitarians everywhere, but the spirit of the West has been Unitarianism's best teacher, and must continue to be. *'The West Takes the Initiative,'* rather than *'The West Waits for Leadership'* is the motto, I trust, to be kept on our banner. Western Unitarianism to thrive must be indigenous, not a transplanted stock. Time has come to say and teach that no matter what and how many churches exist in any town or place, *there is one too few if there is not a Unitarian church there.* No other can do or even approach the work we are ordained to execute. This does not mean a Unitarian church with orthodox method or one that you can scarcely tell from orthodoxy."

The last sentence suggests the great problem. The coming church has much to discover other than a way to remove obnoxious dogmas. The theological transition of to-day must necessitate great changes in forms and methods. The new wine can be held only in new bottles. The costly paraphernalia of the conventional modern church is not only unnecessary but unobtainable by the Church of the Spirit, the church that tries to embody a few great principles rather than many doctrines. This "one church more" that is needed in every town must be the church that can do with less money, less style, fewer numbers and fewer social perquisites than any other church in town. The cost of the spire it must put into brains. The groined ceiling must be lowered into the home-like parlor with sitting-room surroundings. The set pews must be changed into comfortable chairs more readily arranged for the diverse uses which an intelligent society can make of its one room because it cannot afford two. The jaunty choir, with its mock solemnities, will give way to the simpler psalmody of an earnest congregation, content to sing as best it may the great hymns of its faith to a few noble tunes. The scriptures in its liturgy will be the helpful prophetic utterances in any age and in all Bibles. The sermon will be not less able or learned, but more ethical, direct, less formal and probably more extemporaneous. Its finances will be more scrupulously administered because it will be content to do with what it can pay for. Its worship will be aspiration rather than solicitation. It will be more anxious to merit immortality than to prove that which it is willing to take on trust. And this Church Home, which will be the cosy home-like room, now in a private residence, now in the quiet corner of a business block, and more fortunately in a cheerful, rational, inexpensive but artistic and unconventional home building of its own—this church of the spirit which will stand for the finer methods, simpler habits, purer thoughts, and higher culture of the community—this is the church which the Unitarians ought to build in every town in the Mississippi valley. For this cause came the Western Conference into the world. While it applies itself to this work, it will partake of the vitality and immortality of the child of God that it is. There is much to plan and work for. May the St. Louis meeting give the work a great forward impetus.

Contributed Articles.

APRIL'S TRICK.

When April still was young,
And full of her tricks and wiles,
Sometimes frowning and sad,
Again all grace and smiles,
One day young April said,
"I will feign that I am dead.

The Sun and the Wind will mourn,
For they love me well, I know.
I will hear what they say of me
In my drapery of snow."
So, silently in the night
She clothed herself in white.

The Sun rose up in the morn,
And looked from east to west,
And April lay still and cold,
Then he called the Wind from his rest,
"Sigh and lament," he said,
"Sweet April, the child, is dead;

She that was always fair,
Behold, how white she lies;
Cover the golden hair,
Close down the beaming eyes;
One last time let us kiss thee!
Dear April, we shall miss thee!"

The Sun touched his lips to her cheek,
And the color returned in a glow;
The Wind laid his hand on her hair,
And it glistened under the snow,
As laughing aloud in glee,
Sweet April shook herself free.

R. P. U.

SHE WAS NOT WOMANLY.

In building our characters we certainly ought to have faith in the experience of the race, and listen to the voice of the many; we owe this to the world. But at the same time we ought to hear and to heed the voice of the *one* that *constitutes us*; we owe this to God; and which has the greater claim upon us, the word of God in our own hearts, or the word of God through the hearts of others?

Is a woman who does not possess largely those attributes of character which are commonly grouped under the head of "womanly qualities," thereby rendered incapable of winning our admiration and affection? Are the grand strength, the indomitable courage, the tireless energy and unimpeachable integrity that impart so much dignity to the character of man, no longer worthy when we find them in a woman? And do not pity, tenderness, the love of home, and a faithful discharge of homely duties help to round into nobleness the nature of father as well as mother, of brother as well as of sister? The fundamental truth, "first human, *then* man or woman," bears not only upon the question of suffrage, but upon the

question of life itself. Whatever human attributes tend toward the divine are worthy of cultivation by all. Dominant, sterling characteristics carry with them an obligation that their possessor shall use them to the best possible advantage. Then let a woman conscientiously follow her own light without fear, and without reproach. In no other way can she help the world forward to the extent of her ability. Of course, the brave *will* live out the truth that is in them, at no matter what cost of pain; but should the timid, who are ever needing encouragement, have constantly before their eyes the calm, cold, cruel decision, "She was not womanly?" Why not let the term womanly grow to fit the larger human soul, and not strive to compress the soul, that it may fit the term?

RUTH FELD.

THE ART OF MARRIED LIFE.

The sacred art and mystery of living together as husband and wife! It touches the deepest springs of human happiness and success.

When the novel reaches its last chapter, when the wedding-day crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then begins, for man and woman, the real test of what they are; then is thrown upon their own hands the question of what the future is to be. In a true marriage, the sweet season of romance that precedes the bridal-day is but the harbinger of better things to come. It is like the grape-blossom, filling the air with its fragrance, whose swift season heralds the grape that shall through the long summer drink the juices of the sun, and be harvested in the vintage for a ministry of gladness and life. But the ripening is easily missed. It is missed oftenest, probably, through the man's fault. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this: One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness, that its service is preferred to the service of self. No emotion which lacks this high element deserves to be called love. The desire of possession, the longing for intimate and habitual companionship—these come in, too, and make a part. But higher than these, there is that complete and joyful self-surrender in which a woman appears so lovely to a man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the loftiness and the rapture of true love. To many and many a happy pair of lovers it comes, at least as a passing mood. All depends for them on whether their future takes its key-note from that which consecrates this mood. Its rapture and ecstasy may pass; but the self-forgetting look upon another soul, the glad preference of another above self, has in it the stuff that should outlast the wear and tear of time. It is a thread meant to be woven into the web of eternity.

There are two motives to the service of others. One is the inward sense of obligation,—which we call conscience. The other is such a sympathetic apprehension of the beauty in another's life, that this other becomes to us like a better and dearer self.

This is what comes, in its highest and fullest, when man and woman, looking upon each other, soul to soul, feel that divine attraction and self-surrender of which marriage is the outward seal.

The problem of married life is to maintain the nobility and elevation of this early sentiment. The chief requirement is simple enough. It is only: Put your wife, or husband, before yourself, in your thoughts and choices. To the wife, this lesson is generally emphatically spoken by the circumstances into which marriage brings her. It gives her as her chief business the making of a home for her husband, and afterward for her children. The event of her day is his return from work. *Her* work is to make him comfortable and happy. His satisfaction and approbation are the standard of her success or failure. So she is put at once into an outward relation of service. Often there is a mingling of hardship in this. Before the wedding day she was a queen; her will and wish were law. Her lover made it his first thought to please her. Now it must be her first thought to please him. His main occupation lies no longer with her, but with his daily work. He may be ever so devoted and tender, but most of his time and much of his thought must now go elsewhere. Her great business is his comfort and happiness; his great business is something apart from her. And he will never begin to know all she does for him. His mannish eyes miss half the little details of work that go to carrying on a household in comfort. He will be a somewhat rare man if he ever fully comprehends the broad fact that her individual life is merged in service to him. It is the woman's lot to do more than she gets credit for. The heart's wages for work is appreciation, and few wives get full pay. It is when some sense of these things breaks upon the woman, in the early months of her married life, that she stands, face to face—as probably never before—with her destiny. And what destiny offers her is *service*. A hard gift to look upon at first! Declined or grudgingly taken, it will wound and bruise, a lifetime through. Bravely accepted, it will temper the whole life to celestial sweetness. It is just here that the wife has the advantage over the husband, that outward circumstances set straight before her the lesson of self-renunciation and service in the household, as they do not set it before him. His face must turn toward his daily work. There his best energy is spent, and his vitality drained. When he comes home he wants rest. He feels himself, in a measure, off duty. And here he gets the full comfort of a good wife, and the home that a good wife makes. He is taken in and rested and shielded from annoyance, and encompassed by a hundred gentle ministries. Here he can forget the toils of his day, or review them in a serener light; finding here gladness for his successes, and comfort for his failures, and appreciation where others have misjudged him. Here body and soul find refreshment, and he is sent out a new man for the morrow's struggle. And if his wife is not allowed to give him this, she is cheated as much as he is. This is her happiness and reward; this is what crowns *her* work. Yet, this resting-time has its danger. A tired man, like a sick man, is apt to be selfish. And just as life brings no gift so beau-

tiful and blessed but its value depends on the way it is received, so that supreme treasure, a woman's ministering love, may, by selfishness in the recipient, be made to work his hurt. Who has not known men who were spoiled by the goodness of their wives? men who allowed themselves to receive until they utterly forgot to give? The more generously and gladly a wife gives, the more watchful should the husband be that he make due return.

The foe of married happiness is inattention. The real wrong to the wife, the real failure of the husband, is when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him, and what she is in herself. At first her ministries and her affection are delightful to him. Then, perhaps, they become a thing of course—received, enjoyed in a fashion, but hardly thought of. And sometimes, though not so frequently, the wife becomes unthoughtful of her husband. Into most marriages there creeps, on one side, or on both, something of this indifference. Husband and wife live together in chiefly external relation; he is the breadwinner, she is the housekeeper; they take each other's good qualities as men wear easy-fitting clothes—without noticing; they put up with each other's defects as with a smoky chimney or any other annoyance. They would confess to no alienation; they have only got used to each other! It is the same "getting used" that robs life of its brightness; that makes us blind to the stars, and the clouds, and the bright procession of the day and year, because we have seen them so often; that keeps us mostly in a numb, half-alive state, from which only occasionally are we roused to feel that we are living in a divine universe, and are ourselves divine. It is so that love rouses us, showing to man and woman something God-like in each other, something in another soul worthy to live for, and too great to die. Then, the eyes once opened, it is left to us to keep them open. And in a marriage which is not wholly a mistake—a marriage in which souls have once really stood face to face, and clasped hands—no other word touches closer than this the secret of preserving that high union; that husband and wife should *keep their eyes open to each other*. A man should every day see in his wife the woman she is. Whatever purity, sweetness, womanliness he once saw in her, and thrilled at the sight of, whatever fuller and richer growth the years have brought—these things he should see in her continually. Not a mere part of the domestic machine should she be to him—not a mere comfort and convenience and pleasure to himself, her soul, in its full stature should come home to his constant thought. Whatever charm of face or manner, whatever womanly grace, whatever quickness of thought or delicate sympathy would strike a stranger's notice, ought far better to be seen and prized by him, her husband. It is little to say that her face ought to be as beautiful each day to his eyes as if they looked upon it for the first time; it should be far more beautiful, because he has learned to see through its windows the soul within. And in the same way the wife should look upon her husband. It is this true and tender regard which makes the right atmosphere for the soul to ripen in. Few things touch us so deeply as to be understood. But to be understood and loved;

to have the best that is in us made full account of; to know that our faults, too, are open to that sweet and gentle gaze; to long to be worthy of a love so pure and high that only our highest and ideal self can deserve it—what other influence can so strongly draw us toward all our noblest possibilities? This is the work of true marriage—to reveal two souls to each other in their ideal beauty, and then to bring that ideal to realization.

Woman is set in the household, and man is sent out into the world. He has to learn from her the household lessons of service and gentleness, and she needs to catch from him the larger outlook. It is narrowness of thought that oftenest incapacitates the wife for full companionship with her husband. It is good that she should, as far as possible, learn to enter into his large masculine interests, and sympathize with them. Sympathize with *them*, not merely with *him*; the latter will not satisfy him if he is a man of any largeness. Two people ought not to be all the world to each other. Two pairs of eyes should see twice as much as one. The best affection is not that which is solely personal, and ends with its object. Whatever good things a man learns, whatever large interests he pursues, in his world of business, or politics, or thought, his wife should be able to share with him. A minister's wife pays him a very poor compliment, who, when he preaches, is simply anxious, or proud, or disappointed, as to his personal success in the sermon. She thinks of that, sometimes; so does he; but if he is a true preacher he forgets himself when the word of truth is glowing within him; and if she is fully his wife, she, too, when he is at the highest, forgets to be proud of him or anxious for him, and moves with him in the sweep of his thought and the thrill of the eternal realities.

It is community of feeling and of interests that draws close the marriage bond, and it gets its perfection when the common feeling and interest are staked in what is most precious and most permanent. Nature in her divine order, soon brings into married life that most precious and lasting of interests—new lives to be nurtured, and to inherit the best of what went before. The advent of children to the married pair is an instance and symbol of what their union means. Brought by that union into a nearness to each other, of which the language is, "we are one," the two are not thereby isolated from the rest of the world; they are led into closer, more vital, relation with the whole living universe. They are to serve with new power, to love with new largeness. Ever their horizon is to widen. Through heart joined to heart, they feel the life of God. Their prison was broken, when to live solely for self became impossible. They are to live now for each other and for the kingdom of God. Tasting love, they taste eternity.

G. S. M.

Among all the accomplishments of life none are so important as refinement; it is not, like beauty, a gift of nature, and can only be acquired by cultivation and practice. Intelligence, when blended with virtue, is always respected and universally esteemed.

—James Ellis.

THE MODERN PROPHET.

The disposition among the wisest ones to-day, when the great themes of life and death, of earth and heaven, are mentioned, is to lay a warning finger on the lips—to "close the book and sit down," as did Jesus in the synagogue at Nazareth when he had read from the roll of the Prophet Isaiah. Those, however, who *can* speak to-day; those who, by honest and earnest thought, and by the faithful study of the newest, deepest and highest wisdom of the age, have a *right* to speak on these great themes, have no peace in silence.

There are many in all ages who, knowing little, tell very much. The wise are ever reticent.

But even though these closer and deeper students would, and do at times, in sheer weariness and distrust of themselves, "close the book and sit down," they find, again like Jesus in the synagogue, "the eyes of all the congregation fastened on them," and they are compelled, out of the depth of their tenderness and regard for men, though with whatever doubt and hesitancy, to open their mouths and begin to say unto the people, This day is this new and nobler scripture concerning God and man proclaimed in your ears.

JAMES H. WEST.

DREAMS.

Whence come our dreams? What if we only sleep
When day's rude stare is on us; and by night,
With all its golden hearts that beat so fast,
We live, we wake? When the great north is hung
With gleaming sword and shield, and all the west
Ripens to a glory in a golden flush;
While o'er the eastern gates the moon
Hangs swinging like an amber censer round,
When pillowed on the mosses we invite
The breath of flowers to soothe the spirit's fret,
When unseen hands fling open magic doors,
And the bright host comes sweeping softly in,
How know we it is not our truest life?
Day presses on our souls a heavy hand;
We breathe not freely, fully, never fling
Our hearts upon existence, as the swimmer
Leaps from the bank and floats upon the waves.
Held in by fear, or fettered by our pride,
Misled by custom, or subdued by fate,
Our souls are dwarfed, our actions are enslaved.
We seek for *life* and *find* it at its close.
But dreams are Heaven, and sleep a mimic death,
Once treading slumber's temple, we are gods;
We worship beauty with a child's full zest,
We love with all the freshness of love's dawn.
Truth walks divine in all the land of dreams,
Her revelations soften fate's decrees.
Face upon face comes budding like a rose
Upon us there, the faces that we lost
Beneath the grasses, or amid the crowd.
White hands, like blessings, fall upon our brows,
And thrill us with a flood of such delight,
We weep their loss for many, many years.
Glory enfolds us as the holy night;
We glow and brighten as a star on fire,—

Each drop of blood a round and perfect life.
Rich music gives us mighty wings to sweep
Far above time and pain. The mystery,
That hid the angels, fades like pearly mist;
They stand as blushing for their holiness.
We walk the planets as we tread the earth;
We sweep the seas as freely as a bird.
Knowledge lays open all her precious stores,
We snatch, to lose them when the dream is past.
Life, life by day oft poor and incomplete!
Sweet life of dreams, how beautiful and grand!
Type of that world to come to which we tend,
When what is lost will be our own, more dear,
More loving, more delightful. Wait
For the calm setting of the sun of time—
Behind the buried ages, knowing well
Thy star of hope ariseth in the East,
And if it beams upon a lonely grave
It lights a soul far up the starry path
Ending where bliss begins.

HELEN H. RICH.

TIMES OF WAR.

To all the rumors of wars, which daily reach our ears from Canada, from England and Africa, I may add, that there has been an outbreak of the Scandinavian Unitarian Society in Minneapolis. The halls in which these wicked Scandinavians have had their temporary abode, have proved either too small or too inconvenient, and now they will try to make their last effort to raise a church edifice, where they can peacefully gather together and entrap many others. The American Unitarian Association, always willing to lend a hand, has promised a loan of \$5,000, if the congregation can raise the remaining \$5,000. Our former efforts together with gifts from friends, have resulted in \$2,000, so that we are able to pay for the lot, but have to raise the remaining \$3,000.

Excited by the calculation that an average contribution of \$5 from each Unitarian Society or Sunday-school would nearly help us through, we have now armed about 400 letter-vikings and sent them round the United States into every nook and corner, where a Unitarian candle burns, whether it be on a candlestick of silver or of tin. We hope that these our vikings will return laden with gold, silver or copper. Besides that, we will send a ravaging army round in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and if the vikings have not quite changed nature, they will make some prey.

If this information should reach any kind-hearted men or women, to whom our letter-vikings have not come, and be able to soften their hearts and open their purses, all contributions, however small, may be sent to Robert Hale, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Trade, Minneapolis, Minn., who has been willing to act as treasurer of our building committee. Two other prominent citizens of Minneapolis, belonging to Rev. Mr. Simmons' society, S. C. Gale and Dr. A. Barnard, have also been added to this committee.

If our last effort will not lead to any favorable result, we will, like Indians, sit with resignation on our lonely hill and die from starvation.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

Minneapolis, Minn. April 2, 1885.

THE CREED OF LIFE.

Canons and rubrics own I none,
Save one upon the granite writ;
"I Lord of Lords have fashioned it,
And graved it with my rains and sun."

One creed low whispered everywhere
I take unto my soul like fire;
Till flashing thro' me with desire,
The world is molten in my prayer:

"It is my beating heart." I turn,
I face the stream, I brave the hills,
With the same word the bird's breast fills,
With the same God the bushes burn.

JOHN TUNIS.

Conferences.

THE CONFERENCE AT KANSAS CITY.

DEAR UNITY:—We have just held the annual meeting of the Kansas State Unitarian Conference in Kansas City, and the occasion was a most delightful one. The Kansas City society entertained the delegates, of whom there were about forty, in the church parlors, and the time thus given for social intercourse was well improved.

The sermon of Tuesday evening by our Western Secretary, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, was the definition and application of our word Unity. Rev. A. F. Abbot, of St. Joseph, Mo., assisted in the exercises.

Wednesday morning a devotional service was led by Rev. E. Powell, of Topeka, of which the leading thought was, "Consecration." Rev. C. G. Howland followed with an admirable essay upon the work and methods of Unitarians, and the discussion was led by Judge McCrary in a speech full of earnest thought and felicitous expression. Dr. Collier thought there was little to distinguish Unitarians from other denominations, that all alike stood for character, and that the fact stares us in the face that while other churches are increasing numerically, we, after a life of a hundred years, do not keep pace with the increase of population, that the reason we do not have churches in the West is that there is no demand for our thought, and he believed we should hold the children more strongly to our faith by encouraging the practice of formal morning and evening prayer. Mr. Abbot thought it very difficult for Unitarian respectability to adapt itself to the needs of the masses. Mr. Sunderland and Mr. Powell felt that if there was a failure in this respect it was not due to our thought, which is simple and direct, nor to any want of sympathy, but must be found in some other cause.

The forenoon closed with a report from the secretary, who stated that there were live and flourishing Unitarian churches in Kansas City, St. Joseph, Topeka and Lawrence; also an independent society at Kansas City, under the pastorate of Rev. E. J. Roberts, formerly a Baptist minister of that city; an organization in Leavenworth, where Rev. Mr. Hig-

gins, formerly a Methodist minister, gathers the people together in what he calls a lectureship, speaking to them each Sunday; a society in Hutchinson, Rev. W. T. Woodrow, pastor, nominally Universalist, but affiliating with us also, independent in its character, which is struggling for an existence, though having a church edifice and reported to be out of debt. It is also said that there are liberal thinkers in Wichita, who could be crystalized into a society if an effort were made.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Hon. James Scammon, of Kansas City; Vice-president, O. B. Moss, M. D., Topeka; Secretary, Miss S. A. Brown, Lawrence; Treasurer, Mrs. Kersey Coates, Kansas City; Missionary, Rev. E. Powell, Topeka; Executive Committee, Judge George W. McCrary, Kansas City; W. H. Floyd, St. Joseph; Col. O. E. Learnard, Lawrence.

A committee of three was appointed by the chair, consisting of Rev. C. G. Howland, Rev. A. F. Abbot and Rev. E. Powell, to revise the Constitution of the Kansas State Unitarian Conference, so as to include the state of Nebraska and western Missouri.

Dr. Collier offered the following resolutions, welcoming Mr. Roberts to the fellowship of the Conference.

"WHEREAS, The Rev. J. E. Roberts, of this city, having made application to the Committee on Fellowship of the Western Unitarian Conference to be recognized as a minister of our religious body, and that committee having unanimously and heartily granted the request;

"Resolved, By this Conference that we welcome Mr. Roberts to our free and liberal Christian communion, and recommend him to the sympathy and confidence of our churches; and that we beg to express to Mr. Roberts personally, our deep respect for his honest and manly course in his ecclesiastical relations, and our esteem for his noble Christian character, and admiration for his devotion and eloquence in his profession."

Mr. Sunderland introduced Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Leavenworth, formerly a Methodist minister, who gave an interesting account of his work, and who was warmly welcomed to our ranks by Mr. Powell, who thus ratified the welcome previously given by Mr. Jones in UNITY.

These proceedings were followed by a discourse by Rev. J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, upon "The Grounds of Morality," a strong, earnest paper, full of new thoughts. The evening was occupied with a platform meeting, where short addresses were made by several gentlemen, among them Dr. S. J. Bowker; Rev. Mr. Roberts, who moved all hearts by the account of the mental conflict through which he had passed; Rev. Mr. Abbot, of St. Joseph; Rev. Mr. Powell, of Topeka, and Dr. Collier. As one after another with few exceptions, spoke of former connection and tender association with Baptist churches, a lady on my right whispered in my ear, "My father was a Baptist," and at the same moment my neighbor on my left said, "I was formerly a Baptist," and I confessed that that was also the faith of my father. We concluded that if we were samples of the whole audience, Bro. Roberts might certainly feel at home among us, and be pardoned for doubting whether he were a Unitarian or a Baptist.

Adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in October in St. Joseph.

SARAH A. BROWN,
Secretary.

UNITY.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885.

MICHIGAN.—Sherwood and Athens have preaching every Sunday, from Prof. L. D. Cochrane. The congregations are good in both places. Sherwood is an earnest and promising little band. Athens has some very earnest Unitarians in it. Those wanting information about those societies, can write to Prof. Cochrane, Sherwood.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—The editor of this paper preached on Sunday, the 12th, in the University Course, at this place, to an audience of upwards of six hundred people, nearly four hundred of which were the young men and women who are studying in this progressive institution, in which the intimate relation of the hand and brain is cordially recognized.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—Doctor Shedd's recent article on "The Certainty of Endless Punishment" has stirred within Rev. C. G. Howland "a sudden flood of mutiny," and the sermon has been printed in full in the *Herald and Tribune* of that city for April 10th. It is well worth sending for. It is an eloquent and indignant protest against "the greatest fear that ever rested on the human mind."

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.—Secretary Sunderland has been absent from his desk on a fortnight's campaign, visiting our churches in Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, so we cannot give in this issue the detailed programme of the coming meetings, but we know that the preparations are going on apace. Railroads between Chicago and St. Louis will carry passengers at one and one-third rates, round trip. Let the churches elect their delegates early, and send those that are competent and interested.

NEW ORLEANS.—We are in sympathy with the last circular sent out by the Exposition authorities, asking the co-operation of the papers of the country in calling the attention of the people of the country at large to the fact that this truly commend-

able exposition is now complete, that the accommodations of the city are as adequate and as reasonable as could be expected under stubborn circumstances, and that but about six weeks remains in which this great object lesson in industrial education and in national and international fellowship can be studied.

JOHN FRETWELL, the well-known Unitarian delegate-at-large to all the kingdoms of earth, sends us the following, which his many American friends will read with interest:

"DEAR UNITY—Will you kindly note in your next issue that my address for this summer will be John Fretwell, 7 Bornstrasse, Eisenach, Germany. Since, however, I visit England, France, Switzerland, and Transylvania, I would ask any of our traveling brethren who may wish to see me to give me as long notice as possible.

"Will you also note for any brethren who may come to Germany, that the German Protestant Association, who sent our friend Schramm to Saratoga, will hold its annual meeting in Hamburg, at Whitsuntide."

CINCINNATI.—Last Sunday morning Mr. Thayer delivered the first of a new series of "Discussions of Doctrine," his topic being "Sin and Evil in the Light of Modern Thought." The remaining sermons in the series will be as follows:

April 19—Truth and Error in the Orthodox Doctrine of Atonement.

April 26—The Dogma of Eternal Punishment, tried by Reason and the New Testament.

May 3—"What shall I do to be saved?" In May and June, four sermons upon "Man's Origin and Destiny."

The last session of the Unity Club's studies in Roman History was held on Wednesday evening, papers being read by Mr. W. Alex. Johnson, and others. On the 12th inst. the club arranged for an extra lecture in their popular course just closing, which was delivered by Henry George, the noted political economist.

Sets of the "C. D. P."

Only six complete sets of the first series of *Unity Church-Door Pulpit* remain on hand. These will be sold at \$1.50 per set, including postage, after which most of the numbers will not be obtainable in any form.

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AND THE

SOUTHEAST.

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UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

The second year of the "CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT" began April 1. The series of twenty sermons will differ from last year's in two respects. Four numbers will be devoted respectively to Channing, Parker, Emerson, Martineau, giving a score or two of what in each writer may be called his "Gospel Passages." If one would learn in short space for what the four great prophets of our Liberal Faith stand, let him read these numbers, and keep them on hand to give a friend.

In three more numbers the subjects

"God," "Miracles," "The Bible,"

will be respectively treated in extracts from several writers. Each of these three pamphlets will be, as it were, a handful of short liberal tracts on its special subject.

The other thirteen numbers will probably be single sermons from as many preachers,—preachers ranging in their thought from Liberal Orthodoxy to the Society for Ethical Culture; most of them finding a home, therefore, under the Unitarian name. So far as those invited have been heard from and decided on, the list, alphabetically arranged, stands now:

Felix Adler,

C. A. Bartol,

Phillips Brooks,

John W. Chadwick,

Rowland Connor,

Washington Gladden,

T. W. Higginson,

John C. Learned,

Andrew P. Peabody,

Minot J. Savage,

John Snyder,

S. H. Sonnenschein.

The hope is that our churches, west and east, will catch the new church-habit, to regularly and freely furnish forth a table or shelf near the door with such pamphlets, first for home reading and then for lending and mailing, each reader becoming his own missionary society for whatever he finds worthy.

Each church that subscribes \$25 for a block of fifty copies and uses them thoroughly through individual readers, as here suggested, besides any good done in its own homes, sends out twenty times fifty, or one thousand tracts a year, to spread the Liberal Faith—a little mission well worth adding regular y to any church-life.

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